Out of my ſcattering, and vnſure obſeruance;
It were not for your quiet, nor your good,
Nor for my manhood, honeſty, or wiſedome,
To let you know my thoughts.
*Oth.* What doſt thou meane?
*Iag.* Good name in man and woman (deere my Lord)
Is the immediate Iewell of our ſoules:
Who ſteales my purſe, ſteales traſh, tis ſomething, nothing,
Twas mine, tis his, and has bin ſlaue to thouſands:
But he that filches from me my good name,
Robs me of that, which not inriches him,
And makes me poore indeed.
*Oth.* Ile know thy thoughts.
*Iag.* You cannot, if my heart were in your hand,
Nor ſhall not, whilſt tis in my cuſtody.
*Oth.* Ha?
*Iag.* O beware (my Lord) of iealouſie;
It is a green eyd monſter, which doth mocke
The meat it feeds on. That Cuckold liues in bliſs,
Who certaine of his fate, loues not his wronger:
But oh, what damned minutes tells he ore,
Who dotes, yet doubts, ſuſpects, yet ſtrongly loues.
*Oth.* O miſery.
*Iag.* Poore and content, is rich, and rich enough,
But riches fineleſſe, is as poore as winter,
To him that euer feares he ſhall be poore:
Good heauen, the ſoules of all my tribe defend
From iealouſie.
*Oth.* Why, why is this?
Thinkſt thou I'de make a life of iealouſie?
To follow ſtill the changes of the Moone
With freſh ſuſpitions? No, to be once in doubt,
Is once to be reſolu'd: exchange me for a Goate,
When I ſhall turne the buſineſſe of my ſoule
To ſuch exufflicate, and blowne ſurmiſes,
Matching thy inference: tis not to make me ialous,
To ſay my wife is faire, feedes well, loues company,
Is free of ſpeech, ſings, playes, and dances well;





Where vertue is, theſe are more vertuous:
Nor from mine owne weake merits will I draw
The ſmalleſt feare, or doubt of her reuolt,
For ſhe had eies, and choſen me: no *Iago*,
Ile ſee before I doubt, when I doubt, proue,
And on the proofe, there is no more but this;
Away at once with loue or iealouſie.
*Iag.* I am glad of it, for now I ſhall haue reaſon,
To ſhew the loue and duty that I beare you,
With franker ſpirit: therefore as I am bound
Receiue it from me: I ſpeake not yet of proofe,
Looke to your wife, obſerue her well with *Caſsio*;
Weare your eie thus, not iealous, nor ſecure,
I would not haue your free and noble nature,
Out of ſelfe-bounty be abus'd, looke to't:
I know our Country diſpoſition well,
In *Venice* they doe let Heauen ſee the prankes
They dare not ſhew their husbands: their beſt conſcience
Is not to leaue't vndone, but keepe't vnknowne.
*Oth.* Doeſt thou ſay ſo?
*Iag.* She did deceiue her father marrying you:
And when ſhe ſeem'd to ſhake and feare your lookes,
She lou'd them moſt.
*Oth.* And ſo ſhe did.
*Iag.* Why go too then,
She that ſo young, could giue out ſuch a ſeeming,
To ſeale her fathers eyes vp, cloſe as Oake,
He thought twas witchcraft: but I am much too blame;
I humbly doe beſeech you of your pardon,
For too much louing you.
*Oth.* I am bound to thee for euer.
*Iag.* I ſee this hath a little daſht your ſpirits.
*Oth.* Not a iot, not a iot.
*Iag.* Truſt me, I feare it has.
I hope you will conſider, what is ſpoke,
Comes from my loue: but I doe ſee you are moou'd,
I am to pray you, not to ſtraine my ſpeach,
To groſſer iſſues, nor to larger reach,